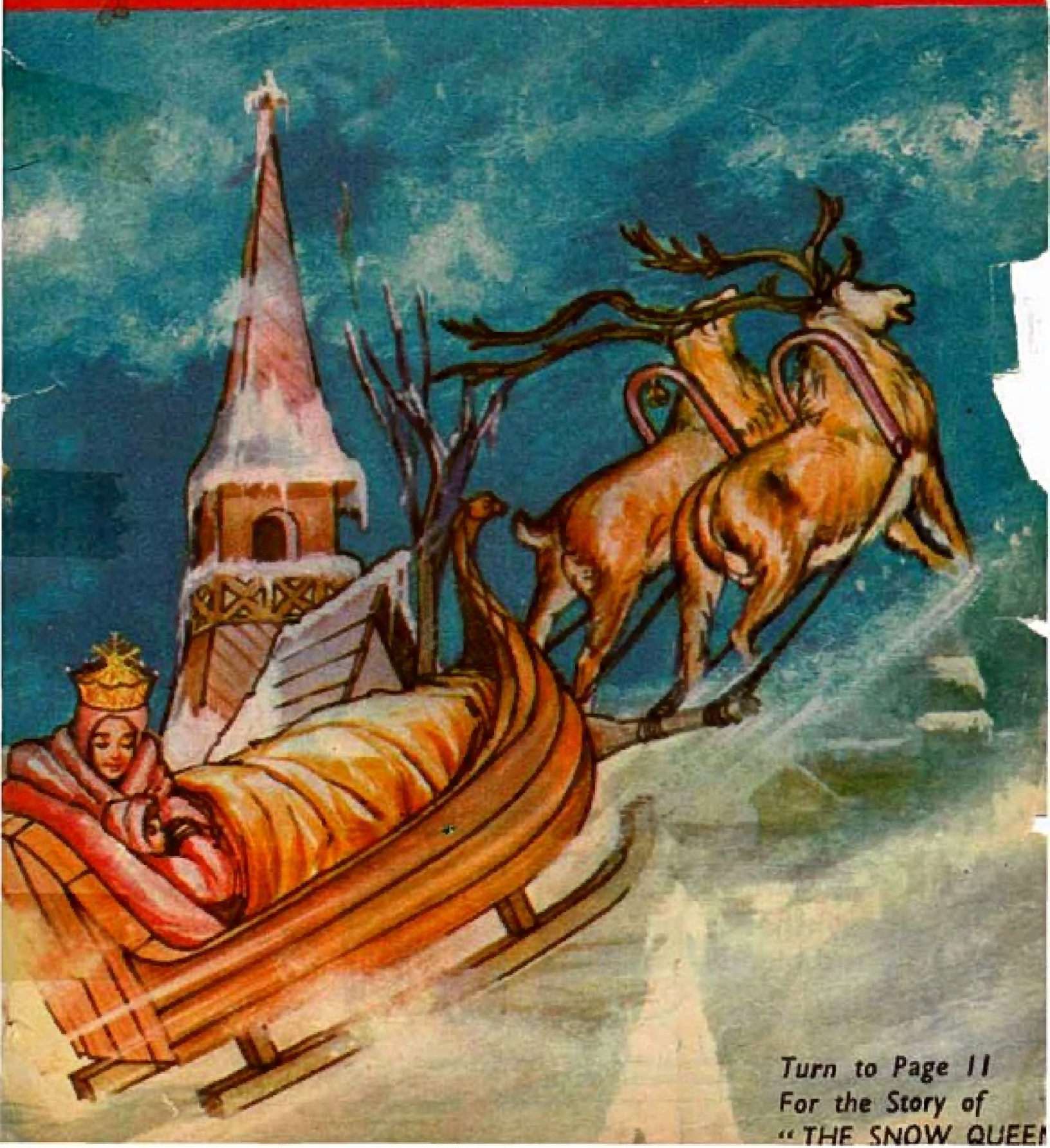


CHANDAMAMA

AUGUST 1975

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SALUTE TO HANS ANDERSON!

It was a winter morning in Copenhagen, Denmark. A boy of fourteen, with no sufficient clothing to ward off the biting cold and with shoes which had begun to show holes, was moving from door to door. If the boy rang the door-bell of a dancer's house and the dancer looked out for a while, the boy requested him to teach him dancing; if it was a singer's house, he was willing to learn singing; at an actor's, he offered himself for acting.

But none would take him.

Indeed, the world was unkind to the cobbler's son, Hans Christian Anderson, who had left his home to find some opportunity to express his genius. He had no doubt that he had it!

And who does doubt it today? Next to the Bible, his fairy tales are said to be the world's widest translated literature. The shock and the kindness—all he had experienced in his childhood and youth—turned valuable fibres in the spinning-wheel of his imagination. He was born in 1805. By the time he died in 1875, he had become a great celebrity. And hundred years thence, when we observe his first death centenary today, he continues to be so, despite all the changes in the world.

We celebrate the centenary, by giving you his masterpiece, Snow Queen, condensed and retold. It tells us how the warmth of love can dissolve whatever wrong is there in our heart or eyes and can make our feeling and vision pure.

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PLUS 7 COMPLETE STORIES
BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Anant Desai

Mr. S. B. Takalkar

- * These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- * Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st AUGUST
- * Winning captions will be announced in OCTOBER Issue.
- * Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : **PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in June Issue

The prize is awarded to: Master Arjun Reddy,
4/B/6 Padmarao Nagar, Secunderabad (A. P.)
Winning Entry — 'Oars at Rest' — 'Sails at Best'

NEWS FOR YOU...

Everest Grows Taller !

The world's highest peak, Mount Everest, is not satisfied with its achievement. Within the last 100 years it has grown taller by 26 feet. This observation comes from a group of Chinese scientists (published in *Toronto Globe and Mail*, U.S.A.) who say that Everest was 29,002 feet a century ago while it is 29,028 feet today.

The Oldest Ball Game !

The ancestor of tennis, cricket and baseball is the handball. People used their hands to play with a ball for hundreds of years before they invented racket, stick or glove.

The newest popular ball sport, Basketball, given to the world only in 1891 by Dr. James Naismith, again reasserts the role of hand in such sports.

Girls are Smarter !

The American teachers, according to a survey made by the National Centre for Health Statistics, are of the opinion that the girls are superior to boys in intellectual ability and academic performance. They are also better disciplined and emotionally better balanced.

....AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts On Freedom

What the world most needs today are negative virtues - not minding people, not being huffy, touchy, irritable or revengeful. Positive ideals are becoming a curse, for they can seldom be achieved without someone being killed, or maimed or interned.

—E. M. Forster

To say that a man is an idealist is merely to say that he is a man.

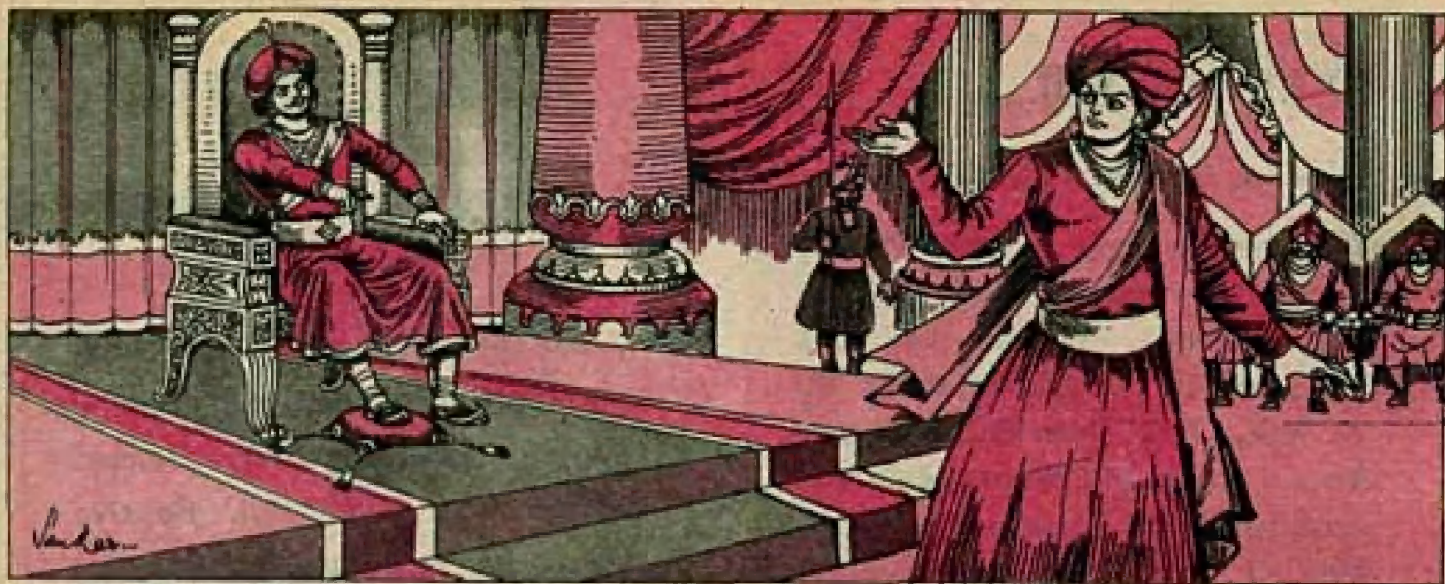
—G. K. Chesterton

The idealists and visionaries, foolish enough to throw caution to the winds and express their ardour and faith in some supreme deed, have advanced mankind and have enriched the world.

—Emma Goldman

Ideals and idealists are necessary ; ideals are the savour and sap of life, idealists the most powerful diviners and assistants of its purposes.

—Sri Aurobindo



The Poet's Revenge

This happened long ago. Jaydev was then the king of Marwar. One day a wandering bard came to his court and recited a composition in his praise.

A poet or a singer was always rewarded by the kings of yore. But Jaydev was of capricious nature and he had no respect for a healthy convention. He abused the bard for no fault of of the latter and asked the guards to throw him out of the court.

Thus humiliated, the bard kept his agony to himself and forthwith proceeded to the court of the king of Harvamsh. The king had been to the forest for hunting. The bard waited at

the gate till his return.

As soon as he saw the king coming, he sang out a nice lyric in his praise. The king, delighted, said, "Very well sung, poet! Now tell me, what reward would please you?"

"My lord! Make me a gift of your turban!" replied the bard.

"Ha ha! How would my turban benefit you?" asked the laughing king, "Should you not rather ask for money or a piece of land?"

"My lord! It has been a dream of mine for very long to wander about putting on your turban. Please do not disappoint me," the bard pleaded with the king.

The king put off his turban and handed it over to the bard, smiling. When the happy bard departed, the courtiers observed among themselves that he must have been insane!

Two years passed. All forgot about the turban. One day the bard suddenly appeared before the king and drawing his attention to the soiled turban, wept bitterly.

"Well, poet, what is the matter with you?" asked the surprised king.

"O king! I find it so hard to report to you that you have been insulted for my sake!" said the bard.

"I don't understand. Will you please report in detail?" asked the king with curiosity.

"My lord! Since I left your court, I have paid visits to so many kings. Whenever I show respect to a king, I remove the turban and hold it in my right hand and salute the king with my left hand. When the kings ask me the reason, I tell them that the turban belongs to the mighty king of Harvamsh and that I cannot afford to bow my head along with the turban."

"That is fine!" commented the king of Harvamsh.

"Yes, my lord. All the kings were happy with my





answer until I came to the king of Marwar, Jaydev. When I gave the same reply to his question, he became furious and jumping off his throne, snatched away the turban and kicked it. That is why, I say, you have been insulted for my sake," the bard concluded his report.

"What! How dare Jaydev show such audacity!" the courtiers yelled angrily.

"Summon the commanders and prepare to march on Marwar!" ordered the king.

Within hours the soldiers of Harvamsh were on their way to Marwar. A fierce battle ensued. Consequently Jaydev was killed and his kingdom was taken over by the king of Harvamsh.

Only then the bard smiled!

HOW DO BARNACLES EAT?

Barnacles are those shell-like objects which we can see fixed to rocks or on the bottom of a boat or ship. They are little animals which fix themselves on to a hard surface and from an opening put out thread-like stalks. It is these which catch and take into the mouth those forms of animal life so small that they can be seen only with the help of a microscope.



THE SNOW QUEEN

Wizards and magicians have done many strange things, but there was one—a wicked one—who had done something which others of his tribe could not have dreamt of. He invented a mirror in which the reflection of everything, even the most beautiful of things, appeared ugly or grotesque.

You enjoy looking at a beautiful landscape, a beautiful flower, a beautiful bird, don't you? But it was so different with the wizard. He giggled with happiness when he saw a landscape appearing like a heap of rotten vegetables, a flower looking like a lump of mud or a bird looking like an imp when reflected in his mirror.

One day, while the wizard was flying through the sky, carrying the glass along, it got shattered. Numerous splinters and rudiments of the magic glass scattered all over the world, some of them landing in the eyes and hearts of a number of people here and there. If a splinter entered a man's heart, the man turned heartless. Not

that his heart disappeared, but he became devoid of all kindness and feeling. If a splinter entered one's eye, he was bereft of all capacity to find beauty in anything. Such people turned cruel and cynic.

It so happened that a couple of such splinters, carried by a forceful wind, flew across meadows and hills and reached a small town and entered the heart and the eye of a little boy, Kay, who was playing with a little girl, Gerda. Kay and Gerda, children of two neighbouring houses, had been friends since the time they could babble and loved each other very much and loved roses which grew on their balconies.

But once Kay had received the splinters, he was so different! The roses looked ugly to him and he had nothing good to say about anybody in the world. He ridiculed and teased even such men and women who were innocent as lambs.

There were of course people who thought that Kay was being witty! But Gerda felt very sad

at Kay's conduct. It is with great pain that she bore with this change in her friend.

But soon she was to be even sadder, for, one day, Kay suddenly disappeared.

Gone with the Snow Queen!

Roads and fields had just been covered with snow. Some of the bold boys took out their sledges and when they saw a wagon passing by, fastened their sledges to it and were thus drawn as far as they wished. While playing in the square, Kay observed a snow-white coach with a solitary passenger in frothy white dress passing by as fast as wind. He at once hitched his sledge to it and was dragged away.

The passenger looked back and smiled at Kay. And whenever Kay wanted to unfasten his sledge, the passenger looked at him, nodding to signify that he should not do so.

Thus was Kay's little sledge driven, faster by the hour and the snow fell so thick that Kay could hardly see anything. He cried but nobody heard. He was about to faint with cold when the coach stopped and the passenger came out. Only then Kay realised that the passenger was a lady, beautiful and dazzl-



ingly white, for she was the Snow Queen.

In order to warm up Kay, the Snow Queen took him under her own coat, but alas! her coat itself was made of snow! She kissed him, but pity! the kisses froze completely his almost frozen heart.

Kay had never seen a more beautiful lady. He went on telling her whatever he had read and known. But soon he realised that he had not read or known much, after all!

The Snow Queen's coach soon left the ground and flew high—over forests and lakes and hills and hamlets, under glittering stars and the moon.

Gerda's Adventure

One day passed and then two

and three days. Little Gerda wept for the little Kay. Other children whispered among themselves that Kay might have died!

Died? Then his body should be lying somewhere, of course! But the children had an explanation for that too. He must have been carried away by the flowing river!

Gerda stood on the bank of the river and asked her, "Have you taken my little Kay away?" The river seemed to say something through her surging waves, but Gerda could not quite understand. She stepped into a small boat that lay stuck in the reeds and the boat at once glided away with the jolt it received.

There were miles of trees looking tranquil in the twilight upon both the banks of the river. Hours passed and poor Gerda had hardly any idea where the boat was taking her. At last when she got frightened and felt like crying, the boat stopped at a turning of the river, touching a beautiful garden.

Inside the garden was a nice little hut. Its sole occupant, a very old lady, soon saw Gerda and received her most kindly. "I had much need of a sweet girl like you," she said and

combed Gerda's hair with a golden comb and gave her a lot of sweet cherries to eat.

Days passed, rather happily for Gerda. The old lady's garden was full of elegant flowers and each one of them had a story to tell. One day, however, as Gerda's eyes fell on a fresh rose, Kay's memory churned her tiny heart and she wondered how she had rested quiet for so many days. She left her cosy shelter in the garden of the kind old lady and walked into the unknown world. Looking at the landscape she now realised that the summer had passed and it was autumn. She had, indeed, forgotten time as long as she was in the enchanting garden.

She walked till her legs ached and she was obliged to sit down. At once a dark big crow greeted her from a dry branch of a nearby tree and it seemed a quite knowledgeable crow.

Gerda lost no time in narrating her woes to the crow and asked, "Have you by any chance seen Kay?"

"I believe I have," said the crow, brightening up, although it was very difficult for it to speak Gerda's language. He then said all about the princess

of the land who had declared that she would marry only him who could talk sensibly and who possessed some virtue and not just a grand look!

The crow then narrated how a number of youths came to woo the princess but they looked nervous as soon as they entered the magnificent palace abounding in untold splendours and grim-looking officers. They were hardly in a mood to talk at all, what to speak of talking sensibly! Only one young man who wore neither any impres-

sive garments nor any good boots, straight marched on to the princess and said in a clear voice, "I have come not to talk, but to hear you talk!"

The princess was altogether pleased and the boy won her. He is now a prince!

"Your prince must be none other than my brave and clever Kay!" said Gerda and she implored the crow to lead her into the palace.

The crow managed to guide her, stealthily, right into the bed chamber of the prince and the





princess.

"This cannot but be Kay," thought Gerda looking at the sleeping prince and called out, "Kay! Kay!!"

The prince sat up and Gerda almost shrieked in fear and despair, for, he was not Kay!

But the prince and the princess were as kind as the old lady of the garden and the crow of the dry tree. They offered Gerda a beautiful bed and Gerda dreamed of Kay, his sledge and the roses. The prince made the crow his court-crow!

Gerda was provided with a golden coach and servants to accompany her. The prince and the princess and the crow bade her a tearful farewell.

In the Hands of the Maiden Terrible!

It was a dark dense forest through which they were passing, but all was going on so well until all on a sudden a gang of robbers pounced upon them and killed the escorts of Gerda instantly. The wife of the robber-chief, who looked ghastly, was delighted to find Gerda.

"She is so plump, so handy! It would be such a fun killing her!" said the fearful woman gleefully as she dragged Gerda from her carriage and aimed her dagger at her.

But her daughter, a maiden terrible, jumped between them and clasped Gerda and hauled her aside and shouted, "It should be my privilege to kill her, if at all! For the present she will play with me and give me her beautiful dress!"

And the maiden terrible, of whom her parents were no doubt afraid, chattered on with her lovely guest, showing her the pets she had, wood-pigeons and a reindeer.

After the dinner the maiden terrible spread her bed and made Gerda sleep near her and narrate all about her mission. By the time Gerda finished telling about the lost Kay, the maiden

was asleep, but a wood-pigeon said, "I believe, I saw him being carried away by the Snow Queen, high above the hills and trees, perhaps to her home in Lapland."

"Where is Lapland?" asked Gerda with great eagerness.

"The reindeer would know better," said the wood-pigeon.

"Of course, I know!" claimed the reindeer, "for that is where I was born, my dear dear country!"

In the morning Gerda told the maiden terrible what she had heard from the wood-pigeon and the reindeer.

Towards the afternoon when the robbers were out and her mother was asleep, the maiden terrible freed the reindeer on condition that he would carry Gerda to Lapland.

The reindeer hopped with the joy of freedom and carrying Gerda on his back ran northward at the speed of lightning. A long time passed and at last a strange sort of light was seen on the distant horizon. "Look, how wonderful is the light of my country in the far North, exclaimed the jubilant reindeer as they entered Lapland.

They crawled into an old woman's hut through its

extremely small door and rested there for a while. She was a wise woman and she told them that the Snow Queen's palace was still a hundred miles away, in Finland. But she wrote on a dry fish some message for a certain woman of Finland who, she said, knew a lot of magic and might help them.

They resumed their journey. The Northern light became clearer and more splendid. When they reached the old woman's house in Finland, they had to enter it through her chimney, for she had no other entrance into her house. The old woman read the message and boiled the fish on which the message had been inscribed.

She then said, "Yes, I can very well see that Kay is still with the Snow Queen. But he is quite happy there, for the Snow Queen has cast a strong spell on her."

"O wise woman!" pleaded the reindeer, "Will you not kindly transfer a little of your magic power to Gerda so that she could overcome the Snow Queen and rescue Kay?"

"I wish I could. But my power wouldn't help in this case. However, I can tell you that Gerda carries enough power

in her heart to free Kay from the spell—the power of innocence and love. How, otherwise, do you think, a crow, a prince, a princess, the daughter of a robber-chief, a reindeer, have all given her so much help? There are two dangerous glass splinters resting in Kay, one in his heart and one in one of his eyes. Unless they melt, Kay cannot get back his normal good self.”

In the Desolate Palace

Only two miles thence was the Snow Queen's palace. The reindeer took Gerda again on her back and left her amid a bush of red berries and left the

place sadly, for, he must run and run in order to ward off the awful cold.

Gerda stood there alone and saw large snow-flakes of grotesque shapes falling all around her, snow-flakes, which, in fact, were the Snow Queen's guards.

How can the poor little Gerda fight against them and go into the palace? The cold was growing more severe and the atmosphere was steeped in despair and desolation. Should she weep? No. Gerda, instead, prayed, prayed for the heavenly Father's intervention.

And at once she saw beautiful but strong airy beings begin-



ning to appear around her and their number rapidly grew. Gerda understood that they were angels come to her aid. She felt warm and bold enough to proceed towards the palace.

And mustering all her courage, Gerda entered the palace the walls of which were made of the most dazzling snow and the doors of sharp cold wind.

It was an absolutely deserted and desolate house where no sound was heard, no activity was observed. Kay, blue with cold, sat in a snow hall and was engrossed in solving a puzzle with alphabets which the Snow Queen had given him before she left for the warm countries to pour snow on volcanoes of Etna and Visuvius for a while. Kay had been told that if he succeeded in solving the puzzle and forming a certain word, then he would become his own master! But Kay tried and tried but was nowhere near success.

As soon as Gerda saw him, she rushed to him and put her hands around his neck. But Kay did not show any emotion even when he saw her! This was a terrible shock for Gerda and she wept bitterly. Her warm tears fell on Kay's heart

and they entered it and melted the splinter of the wicked wizard's glass. Then Kay appeared moved—more and more as seconds passed—and wept. His weeping melted the splinter in his eye and at once he embraced Gerda. Almost simultaneously the solution to the puzzle occurred to him and he formed the word which was Eternity.

And with that he knew that he had become the master of himself. They left the palace without any delay and coming near the bush of red berries found the reindeer back, along with a young hind whose udders were full. They drank the warm milk and were carried by the pair first to the hut of the Finland lady and then to the hut of the Lapland lady who provided them with a sledge.

At last when they reached their little town and home and climbed the stairs to their rooms on the roof, they found everything unchanged until they saw their reflections in the mirror. Well, they had grown up into a young man and a maiden!

But the roses were still the same on their balcony and they sat there smiling to each other, hand in hand.



August is the month of India's independence, to achieve which numerous brave sons of the land laid down their lives. Among the greatest martyrs of all ages is Bagha Jatin, born in 1879 in a Bengal village.

Jatin earned the title 'Bagha' which meant 'Tiger-like,' by really killing a ferocious tiger which sprang upon him one morning near his village, with only a small knife. He was badly mauled but he survived, "by sheer will power," as his doctors put it.

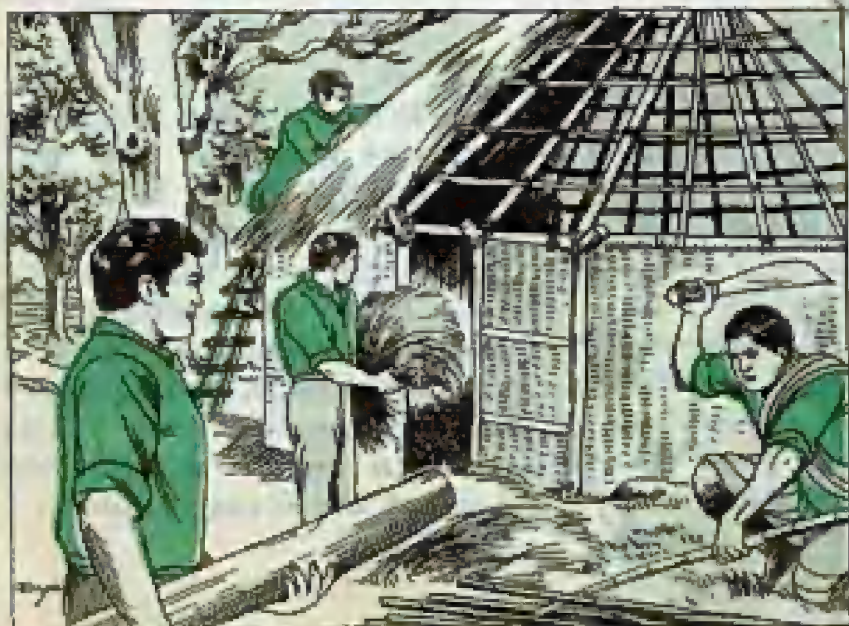


For Jatin, killing the tiger was not enough. He was yet to fight the lion—the British who occupied his dear motherland. Inspired by the nationalism of Swami Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo, he organised secret societies of young men to launch a rebellion against the foreign rulers.



He trained his youth groups in lathi-play, gymnastics and shooting. They had dedicated their lives to the cause of India's freedom. The government learnt of their secret preparations and managed to arrest the leader, Bagha Jatin.

Jatin was threatened and tortured. But he would say nothing. When the authorities could not change his mind, they started showing him temptations—offering him a nice house, luxury and a lot of money. "Shut up!" shouted Jatin, bringing down his fist on the table. The table collapsed.



Jatin was acquitted as nothing could be proved against him. In the meanwhile he had sent his emissaries to Europe, seeking arms and ammunitions for his proposed rebellion. Germany was willing to help. Jatin and his three lieutenants left for a quiet place named Kaptipada waiting for the German ship to deliver them arms at an abandoned port near Bala-sore.

The German ship which carried arms and ammunitions for the Indian revolutionaries was chased by two British ships. The German ship threw the arms into the sea before being captured. When Jatin heard this, he said, "This means we are not to depend on foreign help."

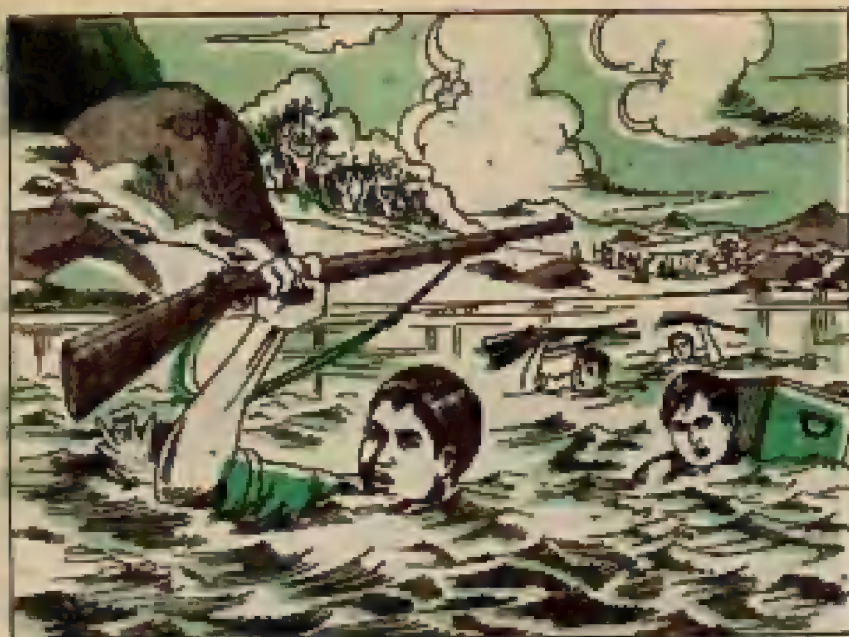


Before Jatin could decide on his next course of action, the Calcutta detectives traced him to his hiding. It was a rainy day when a police force tried to entrap them. But Jatin and his party made a daring escape.

The disappointed police immediately spread the lie all around that a ferocious gang of dacoits was escaping. Whoever can help capture them would be heavily rewarded.

But running and hiding and crawling, the four young men gave everybody the slip till they reached the river Budha Balang.





Near the river villagers suspected that the young men were the escaping dacoits and so they raised a scare. Unperturbed, the young men crossed the river, holding their rifles and ammunitions high above the water.

They took position on an earthen hillock, behind ant-hills, while police and military soon reached the spot. For hours the battle continued, dozens of police falling to the shots of the brave four. They did not surrender, though they bled profusely. They fought on till they had fired their last bullet.



At last Jatin was captured. But he died the same night. He told his captors, "Do not punish my companions. I alone am responsible for whatever has been done!"

Sir Charless Tegart, the Commissioner of Police, paid his tribute, saying, "I have met the bravest of Indians!"



WHOM TO BELIEVE?

Tales from Panchatantra

Once upon a time a Brahmin had faced a strange dilemma: whom to believe—man or the animals?

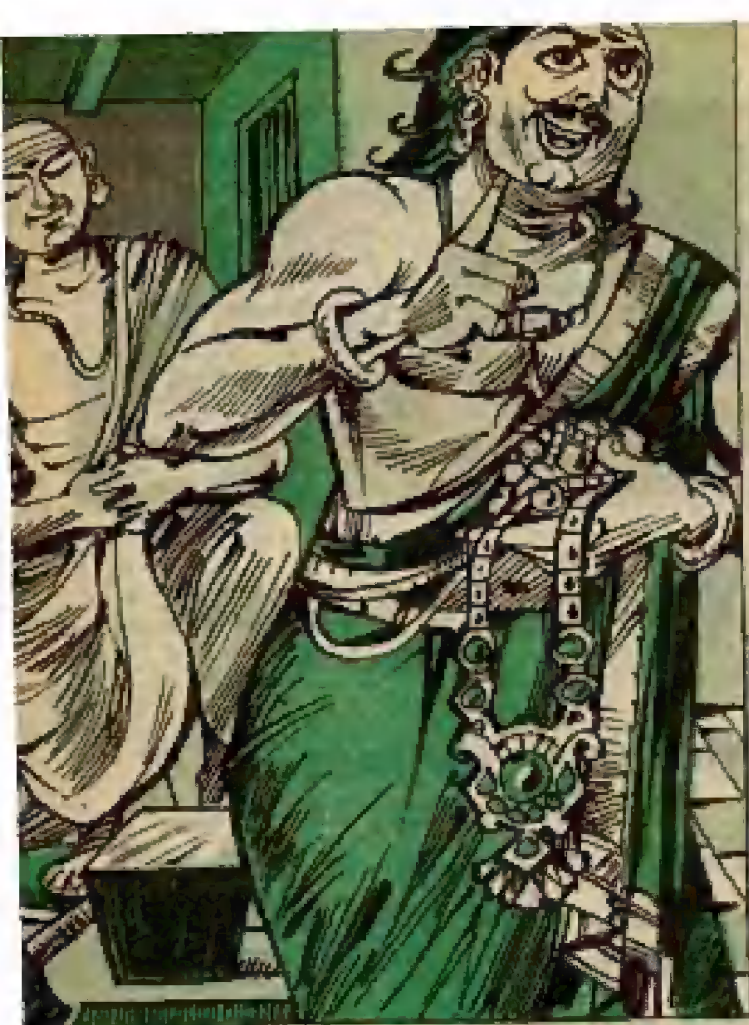
His name was Jainadutta. A kind good fellow though, he was poor. His wife once told him in a tone that carried a lot of wisdom, "Look here, Brahmin, nobody is going to care two hoots for your goodness or grandiloquence here. If you wish to prosper, take a journey to some faraway land and try to impress a king or a landlord with your learning, do you follow?"

The Brahmin followed it all right. He left for some faraway land. As he walked on, he entered a forest. It was noon and the Brahmin was thirsty. Looking for some source of water, he soon found a well and eagerly leaned over it to see at

what depth the water lay.

But there was not even a shellful of water in the well. Instead, there were a tiger, a monkey, a snake and, last but not the least, a man. The mouth of the well was almost covered with grass and these creatures had obviously fallen into it while passing that way.

As soon as the Brahmin's face was seen by the prisoners of the well, the tiger roared out his happiness, the monkey chattered his delight, the snake hissed out his relief and the man spoke out some flattery. Needless to say, they all pleaded with the Brahmin to rescue them from the well and needless to say further, the loudest noise was made by the man who sought the Brahmin's help first, for, he was after all a fellow human being!



But the tiger said, "Well, Brahmin, it is up to you to decide whom you should rescue first. But only because this gentleman belongs to your species, that is no reason enough to give him priority. In fact, I would like to warn you against him. Since I have digested innumerable men, I can say just looking at men what stuff they are made of. Now, this gentleman is made of nothing but deceit and treachery."

"Even if you were speaking truth about this man, how can I rescue you since, please don't mind, you are a tiger?" said the Brahmin.

"I am a tiger, but one with a conscience. Here is this gentleman within my reach. But I have not eaten up him because we share the same fate. How can I eat you since you will be my saviour?" answered the tiger.

The good Brahmin made a strong rope with creepers and threw its end into the well and rescued the tiger, the monkey and the snake one after the other. All the creatures told him, "Beware of the man in the well!" In the meanwhile the man was shrieking and crying to be rescued. The Brahmin, despite the warnings, rescued the man.

Then the four bowed to him. The tiger said, "Beyond this cliff there is a spacious cave in which I live. If you ever care to visit me, I will receive you well."

"And only two hundred yards from the cliff there is a waterfall. Beside the waterfall stands a big banian tree. There dwell I. If you come there, I would be delighted," said the monkey.

"I will come to your rescue whenever you are in some grave danger, if you remember me," said the snake.

"I am a goldsmith. If you would ever wish to buy or sell gold or ornaments, visit me. I will show you the maximum consideration," promised the man.

Then they all dispersed.

The Brahmin, after crossing the forest, went to several villages and met a number of landlords and tried to impress them. But they were not interested in scholarship. Disappointed, the Brahmin began his homeward journey and entered the forest again.

Hungry and thirsty, he came near the water-fall. The monkey saw him and hopped down to greet him and in a few minutes collected a heap of rare kinds of delicious fruits. The Brahmin was very happy. After resting for a while, he asked, "Where does the tiger live?" The monkey led him to the tiger.

When the tiger heard the Brahmin's voice, he came out carrying a bundle of ornaments. "These belonged to a prince who was galloping through this forest. His horse threw him down and he was killed. I removed these ornaments from his body with the hope that some day I will get a



chance to present them to you," the tiger said.

The Brahmin's joy knew no bound at the sight of the valuable gifts. He proceeded to meet the goldsmith forthwith. When they met, the Brahmin said, "Take these and give me their value in money."

The goldsmith identified the ornaments as the prince's, for he had made them himself. The king, thinking that the prince had been murdered by dacoits, had announced that whoever could give any clue to the mystery would get a big reward. Now, the goldsmith, asking the Brahmin to wait there, ran to

the king and showed him the ornaments. In a few minutes the Brahmin was arrested and put under shackles and fetters.

At night the Brahmin remembered the snake. Before long the snake appeared there and learnt the Brahmin's plight. He whispered some advice to the Brahmin and disappeared. Shortly thereafter a cry was heard from the interior of the palace. A din and bustle followed. The queen, bitten by a snake, lay unconscious. The best of the land's physicians, occultists, and wizards were summoned. But in spite of all their efforts to save the queen, her condition worsened.

Towards the dawn the king declared that if anybody could save the queen, he would have great honour and wealth. The

prisoner Brahmin then sent word that he could try. His shackles and fetters were immediately removed. He was led into the queen's chamber. And lo and behold! As soon as he touched the queen's hand, she opened her eyes!

The king embraced the Brahmin and asked him how he happened to get those ornaments. The Brahmin narrated all that had happened. The king was most impressed by his nobleness and appointed him as one of his ministers. The treacherous goldsmith was, of course, severely punished.

The Brahmin brought his family there and lived happily.

"Was it not I who had sent you in search of luck?" his wife reminded him half a dozen times every day!





THE TALKING CALF

A certain peasant had a pet calf. He had nobody in the world as his own. So he loved the calf very much and often thought, "How wonderful it would be if the calf could talk! I could then while away my time chattering with it."

After some time he was completely taken up by this strange thought. He started asking all sorts of people, "Do you know of any means whereby I could make my calf talk?"

"What! Making a calf talk, eh! Is your brain in its proper place?" people used to ask him in their turn. Some had a hearty laugh at his stupid question.

But the peasant could not shake off the thought. He had heard that sages and mendicants had powers to perform

miracles. He decided to go to the Himalayas in order to find out such a sage. He made arrangements for his calf to be taken care of by a neighbour and left the village.

He came across several sages, but none of them knew the secret of endowing a calf with speech.

But as luck would have it, he happened to meet a powerful yogi at a lonely place who gave him a few herbs and assured him that if he mixed them with the calf's fodder, it would talk!

The peasant, now extremely happy, returned home as quickly as he could. When his calf saw him it gave out a joyful low.

"The poor creature must have yearned for me for all these days!" thought the peasant



as he fondled his pet. He lost no time in mixing the magic herbs with some fodder and made the calf munch them. And lo and behold! Before long the calf asked him in a chaste human speech, "Where had you been all these days?"

The peasant's joy knew no bound. He narrated to the calf all about his long adventure and then said, "Now, my dear calf, go and take rest inside the shed. Don't move about in the sun."

"Well, well, I will of course retire into my shed, but to sleep on that damp floor! Why! Can't you give me a bed like

the one you enjoy?" said the calf.

"Good God! How fluently you talk! If the villagers would hear you, they would naturally covet you. Come into the shed, quick!" said the peasant and he dragged the calf into the shed and left it there in rope.

After an hour the peasant, while going to take his lunch, heard the pet calling him loudly.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Well, well, is it proper for you to enjoy all the good food alone? Doesn't your conscience prompt you to give me a share?" said the calf in a resentful tone.

The peasant, without a word, gave half of his lunch to the calf.

The calf tasted the food and said, "Well, well, I don't think you have any talent in cooking. You visited so many places. Couldn't you learn the art of cooking from someone? However, it is never too late. Try to cook better in future."

The peasant looked pale. But he did not know what to do.

The calf continued to chide and order about the peasant for so many things and made his life miserable.

One night while the peasant was soundly asleep, the calf called out, "Get up, get up, you irresponsible fellow. I am being harassed by mosquitoes!"

The peasant lost his patience at last. He picked up a strong stick and began giving the calf a good thrashing.

The calf shouted at the pitch of his voice, "Listen, O neighbours, come rushing all of you. See for yourself how the rouge is going to kill me!"

The neighbours thought some bandits must have entered the peasant's house. They came rushing, armed with sticks. In the darkness they began to beat the peasant thinking that he was the bandit.

"I am finished! I am dying!" shrieked the peasant, falling flat on the floor.

"Finished! Dying, eh? Shouldn't you have died long ago, you worthless creature?" shouted the calf.

Only then the people realised the situation.

As soon as the peasant recovered, he ran to the Himalayas in search of the yogi again—this time with altogether the opposite prayer though!



PRIZED PLUMS



Any fruit-market in any modern town of the world sports basketfuls of plums seasonally. They add to the colourfulness of the Indian fruit-markets, displayed side by side with mangoes.

Before the Roman invasion of Britain the only plums the

British people knew were the small, bitter-tasting sloe and bullace. These are the wild fruits of different varieties of the blackthorn, a shrub-like tree, which is a member of the rose family and related to the crab-apple, rowan, hawthorn and wild cherry.

But the Romans brought with them a new and delicious plum that grew in south-eastern Europe and western Asia, in the region around the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea. They regarded it as a luxury and, for many centuries, it was so rare in England that it became symbolic of all things valuable. That is why, "to take all the plums" means to win a lot of prizes.

According to legend, the Jack Horner who pulled out a "plum" in the nursery rhyme was a steward employed by the abbot of Glastonbury during the reign of Henry VIII. In order to save his monastery from dissolution, the abbot sent, as a bribe to the king, the title deeds of twelve manors hidden in a pie. This was entrusted to Jack Horner but, on the journey, the steward stole one of the deeds.

The plums we eat today are descended from the species of plum the Romans brought, known as the Common European plum or by its botanical name, *Prunus domestica*.

LOOKING AT FRUITS

There are now more than two hundred varieties of plum. Some, like the Belgian *belle de Louvain*, and the Californian Santa Clara which, when dried, make the finest prunes, are named from the part of the country in which they grow. Damson is a corruption of Damascus where the earliest cultivation of this small plum took place.

Others are called after the person who first developed a particular strain, such as the greengage from Sir William Gage who lived in the 18th century. In France, the greengage is known as the "reine-Claude" in honour of the wife of Francis I who was extremely fond of them, while in England there is another variety, the Victorial, named after the queen.

Although we don't hear so much of the sloe and bullace today, they are still used in the manufacture of sloe-gin and fruit wines. The blackthorn shrub, too, is popular for its hard wood.



WHAT THE COW SAID!

Ganapati Bhatta was a poet-cum-singer. He could instantly compose sweet lyrics and sing them out. He went to the houses of aristocrats and sang in their praise and maintained the family with the rewards he received from them.

Ganapati had composed many songs in honour of the landlord of his own village. In them he had portrayed the landlord as a generous and kind-hearted man. But the fact was that the landlord was a miser. Every time Ganapati sang in his praise, he gave him a small coin, saying, "I will reward you well on some suitable occasion!"

Although Ganapati was disappointed, he did not lose hope

altogether. He continued to please the landlord.

Ganapati had a small child for whom he required fresh milk. "How nice it would be if we could possess a cow!" said his wife. Ganapati decided to ask the landlord for the reward of a milk-giving cow.

The landlord's son was getting married. Many aristocrats of the area had gathered to grace the occasion. Ganapati went there and recited some flattering verses narrating the virtues of the landlord, his wife and his son. The audience praised the composition very much.

The landlord thought that he ought to give some good reward to Ganapati this time. He

asked the poet, "You no doubt deserve a handsome reward. But will you tell yourself what will please you most?"

"Sir! Be pleased to give me a cow, for I need milk for my child," said the poet.

"Why not!" said the landlord and calling one of his servants closer, he whispered some instruction to him. The servant went away and soon returned with a cow. But instead of bringing the cow nearer the guests, he kept it at some distance.

Ganapati felt extremely disappointed at the sight of the cow, for, it was old and there

was no possibility of its giving birth to a calf any more. So there was no question of his getting any milk from it. It would only become a burden to him.

But Ganapati did not think it proper to refuse to accept the cow before so many people. He walked near the cow and bent down and it appeared as though he whispered some words to the cow. All looked at him with surprise.

"What are you doing, Ganapati Bhatta?" asked the landlord.

Ganapati approached the landlord with folded hands and



said, "Sir I asked a question to the cow. She has answered it already!"

"What was your question and what was her answer?" asked the landlord curiously.

"I asked her, 'Do you know why the landlord is making a gift of you to me? So that you will give birth to a calf and consequently give a lot of milk to me. You will certainly not disappoint the landlord and myself, will you?' At this the cow frowned and said, 'What! Give birth to a calf! Ages ago I was there when the goddess Durga killed the demon Mahishasura. In the next age, I was again born as a cow during Ravana's time and saw his lusty deeds which brought about his fall. That completely dried up all my fascination for life. I was born again as a cow when the wicked

Kamsa ruled over Mathura and tried to kill Krishna. That disgusted me further. Although I am here again born as a cow, I have seen enough and my only desire now is to free myself from the cycle of birth and death and to attain salvation. But you brazen-faced fellow, you wish me to give birth to a calf, do you? Fie on you!' This is the answer the cow gave!"

The audience had a hearty laugh at Ganapati's reply. Everybody could understand what Ganapati meant.

The landlord, in order to save face, called his servant and rebuked him loudly for having brought an old cow and ordered him to bring a young one instantly.

Ganapati thanked the landlord and returned home happy with an excellent cow.



The Boy who braved into the Domain of Death

LEGENDS OF INDIA

Bajashrava, a famous rishi, was performing a *yajna* and many a rishi and scholar had come together on that occasion.

The *yajna* continued for several days. According to the rule of this particular *yajna*, its performer was required to give away whatever he possessed to the Brahmins and sages whom he had invited.

Accordingly, Bajashrava was making gifts of numerous cows and such other items which were valued by his guests.

Bajashrava's little son, Nachiketa, who observed the rites with great attention, was sorry to see that the cows his father gave away were old and useless. Nachiketa, though so young, had studied the scriptures well and he knew that the consequences of making such gifts, far from being well, would be ill.

Nachiketa thought that since Bajashrava was required to give away whatever he possessed, he must have given away his children too. "Whoever takes me, I will serve him sincerely so that I can atone

for the imperfect deeds of my father," thought the boy.

Nachiketa approached his father who was then very busy distributing alms and asked, "Father, to whom have you given me away?" Bajashrava thought that it was rather foolish of his son to ask such a question and he did not answer. But when Nachiketa repeated the question twice, he became angry and shouted, "I've given you away to Yama!"

All who heard Bajashrava's angry words were shocked. Yama was the god of death and to offer the son to him amounted to wishing the son's death!

In the silence that prevailed, Nachiketa calmly spoke, "Father! Faithful to your promise, I will like to proceed to my master at once!"

But by then Bajashrava had already realised his own blunder. With repentance and love, he tried to persuade his son to forget what he said and to be in peace.

But the bright Nachiketa had already made up his mind. "I



must go over to the god of death, for you offered me unto him at an auspicious moment. We are men of truth. We must fulfil our commitments whether they were made rightly or wrongly," he said.

The undaunted Nachiketa soon left his house and proceeded to the domain of Yama. He was a young rishi himself. The light of his own spirit showed him the way.

Unfamiliar was the passage and strange was the domain where he at last reached. But Yama was away from his home. For three days the young rishi remained standing in front of the god's house waiting for his return. When Yama was back and he learnt that the young

rishi, in complete disregard of hunger, thirst, sleep or rest, was waiting for him for three days, he felt surprised and sad. First he received him affectionately and made him comfortable and then said, "O my noble guest, for your three days of waiting, I will grant you any three boons. Tell me what would please you."

Nachiketa was happy. He spoke out what was uppermost in his mind, "O illustrious god! Since I left my house, my father must be feeling awfully sad. Kindly send your blessings which would cheer him up and give him the confidence that all was well."

"Let it be so," said Yama, pleased at the boy's devotion



towards his father and waited for him to say what he would have for the second boon.

"O kind god," said Nachiketa, "I have seen the great suffering of man on the earth. But I know that the gods live in bliss, free from all that torments men. Would you kindly pass on the secret of man achieving godhood?"

Yama was amazed at the quest of the boy. But he was pleased to reveal the secret the young rishi desired to know. He revealed to him the discipline following which man could equal himself to the gods.

Nachiketa thanked him. Now came his third and the last chance for a boon. He meditated for a moment and

then said, "O great god, be pleased to explain to me the mystery of death. Why do people die? Where do our spirits go after death? How to conquer death?"

Yama never expected the little boy to ask these questions. While on one hand he was all praise for the boy, on the other hand he was in a dilemma, for, he certainly did not wish to give out this knowledge of supreme importance.

"My dear boy," pleaded Yama, "it would be better for you to ask for some useful boon, say, for the luck to enjoy life's highest luxuries like wealth and a long life without any suffering."

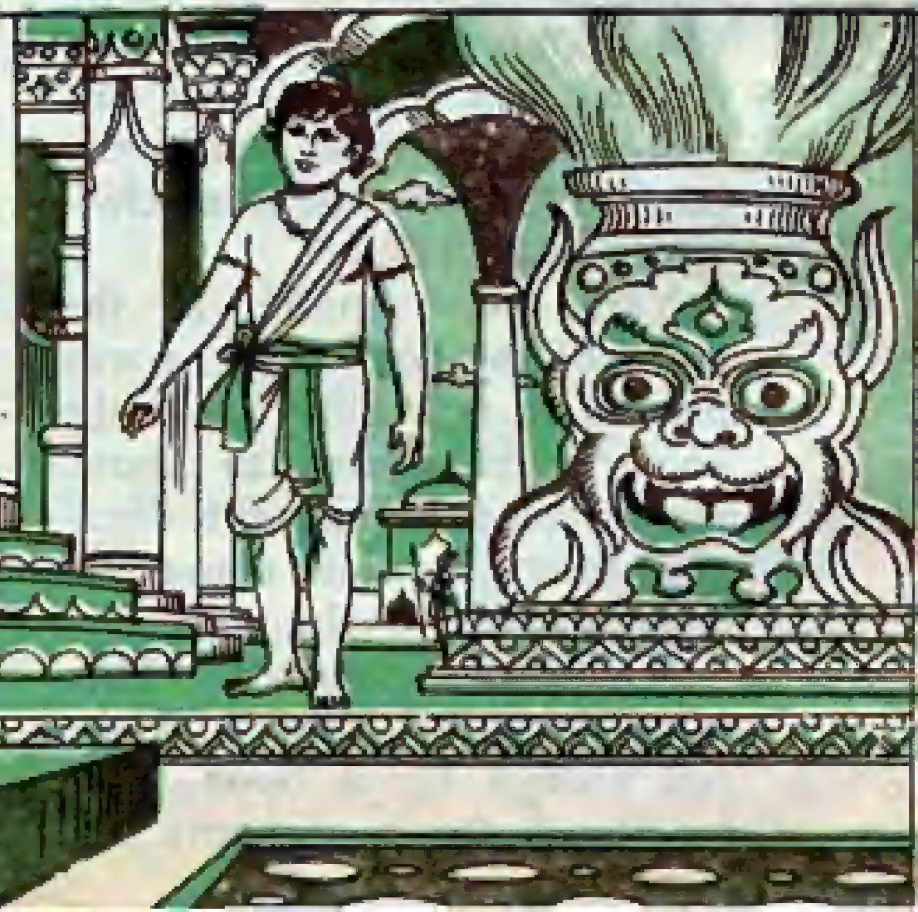
"No, O god, since you have



been kind enough to promise me another boon, I must have this knowledge of death," replied Nachiketa.

Yama tried his best to divert Nachiketa's interest to some other question, but he did not succeed. At last he was obliged to explain the mysteries of death to him. Nachiketa learnt the secret of the inner soul and how by living in the soul one could achieve immortality, for, the soul, indeed, was immortal.

Nachiketa returned to earth with great enlightenment. He is one of those brave boys of whom we read in the Upanishads and he is the symbol of man's aspiration to know the unknown.



On the occasion of the International Women's Year, we are running a feature in each issue on the world's greatest women. The range of our choice has been wide and so far we have covered Joan of Arc, Rani of Jhansi, Florence Nightingale, Queen Hatshepsat and Sarojini Naidu. For this issue our choice is from the world of science.

MADAME CURIE

How much could determination, dedication and goodwill achieve? Madame Curie is the answer. She was determined to do something worthwhile, she had the dedication of a devotee to her subject of research, and she had such a pure goodwill for humanity that it seems destiny could not but give her the required success with which she could serve it.

Born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1867, she was known as Manya in her early age. Daughter of a science teacher, she was fascinated by the instruments which her father brought home at times. But, in fact, she was fascinated by anything that was a means of knowledge—books, magazines, talks and lessons. She could read, and not faltering, before she was five! No wonder that she should pass her high school examination with the gold medal of honour.

But Poland was then a colony

of Czarist Russia and the rulers did not want the Polish people to flourish in any field. Everything Polish was suppressed, whether art, culture or even language. In such circumstance there was no question of Manya, a brilliant student though, getting any encouragement from the government to carry on higher studies.

And her father was, indeed, poor. Manya and her elder sister, Bronya, both desired to proceed to Paris for their studies. The father could at best help only one of them, partly. What is to be done?

Manya had the answer: "Let my sister go first. I will work and help her with money. When she had finished her studies, I will join her there and she would help me."

The father agreed to this and so did the grateful Bronya. Manya served in a couple of rich families, as the governess of their children and continued



to assist her sister with a part of the meagre salary she received. After her day's work, she would join an underground college in the evening where she studied as well as taught physics and chemistry. Why underground? Because the foreign rulers would not allow such lessons to be learnt by the Polish.

Five years passed. Bronya finished her studies and married a doctor. Manya was now on her way to Paris—her place of destiny.

She found out how modestly her sister and brother-in-law, with their new-born baby, lived. She decided not to be a burden on them. She hired a small dark room on the top of a private house and shifted there. The room was awfully cold.

Manya shivered for lack of adequate warm clothing, she starved when she had no money to buy food but nothing slackened her concentration in her studies.

She appeared for her degree in physics in 1893—and came out first! By then she was known as Marie, the name she had chosen while registering herself as a student.

The next year she appeared for a master's degree in mathematics and came out with flying colours again.

One evening when Marie went out to see a friend, little did she know what the trip would mean in her life. For, that evening she was to meet Pierre Curie, then only a teacher of physics in a municipal high school, but already credited with some significant scientific research. Their acquaintance soon matured into friendship and they married in 1895.

Marie was searching for a subject to write a doctoral thesis on. A contemporary French scientist, Henri Becquerel, had found out that any mineral emanated some light (now known as gamma rays) like the X-rays. But it was not known why it was so. Pierre advised

Marie to try to find out the answer.

Marie lost no time in beginning her research and soon she knew the answer: the rays were inherent in the uranium which the minerals contained. But while carrying on the research, she hit upon a complete new fact. She saw that a certain mineral known as pitchblende gave out rays which were more than what the uranium it contained should give out. What was the source of these extra rays?

A new phase in Marie's research began, to result in her discovery of what is famous as radium, a discovery that brought revolution in science.

Along with Henri Becquerel, Marie and Pierre Curie were awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1903. The Curies, of course, could not go to receive the prize due to ill-health. But their fame spread all over the world.

And this was precisely the moment when they could have become fabulously rich if they wished. They could have patented their discovery and that would have brought them immense wealth. But Marie spurned the idea. "Radium is an instrument of mercy and it

belongs to the world," was her famous statement.

By then, they were of course not as poor as they used to be. Pierre had become a professor in the university. But they had no enough money to establish a big laboratory for their further research and for the benefit of their students. Yet they gave up the sure road to affluence and established a great example in the field of science, an example that was as valuable as their discovery.

The prestigious Royal Institute of London invited them and



Madame Curie was the first woman ever to enjoy the honour of attending their meeting. The Curies were in great demand in the society of the aristocrats and the learned. But they hardly cared. Their simple dress, lack of interest in laurels, amazed all. If somebody showed curiosity about their life, Marie said, "In science we must be interested in things, not in persons."

Soon other countries, America in particular, heaped honour after honour on the Curies.

In 1906 tragedy struck this happy and glorious couple of scientists. Pierre Curie, the absent-minded professor, one day walked into the road without observing that a horse-drawn wagon was rushing forth. Run over, he died on the spot.

Needless to say, Marie was

benumbed with sorrow. After a period of melancholy she busied herself again in her work in the laboratory, besides looking after her two daughters, one of which, Irene, was to become a Nobel-laureate in future.

Soon she succeeded in isolating pure radium and determining its atomic weight. In 1911 she was awarded the Nobel Prize again, this time in chemistry, for this achievement of hers. Thus, she became the first ever person to receive this coveted prize twice.

Great was her love for the suffering people. When the 1st World War was being fought, she herself drove a van fitted with X-rays to detect bullets in the injured soldiers.

Madame Curie died in 1934, already a legend in her life time.





VEER HANUMAN

As advised by Rama, Lakshmana advanced towards Kiskindhya, armed with his bow and arrows. As he thought more and more about Sugriva's ungratefulness, he felt more and more disgusted and desired to give a bit of his mind to Sugriva.

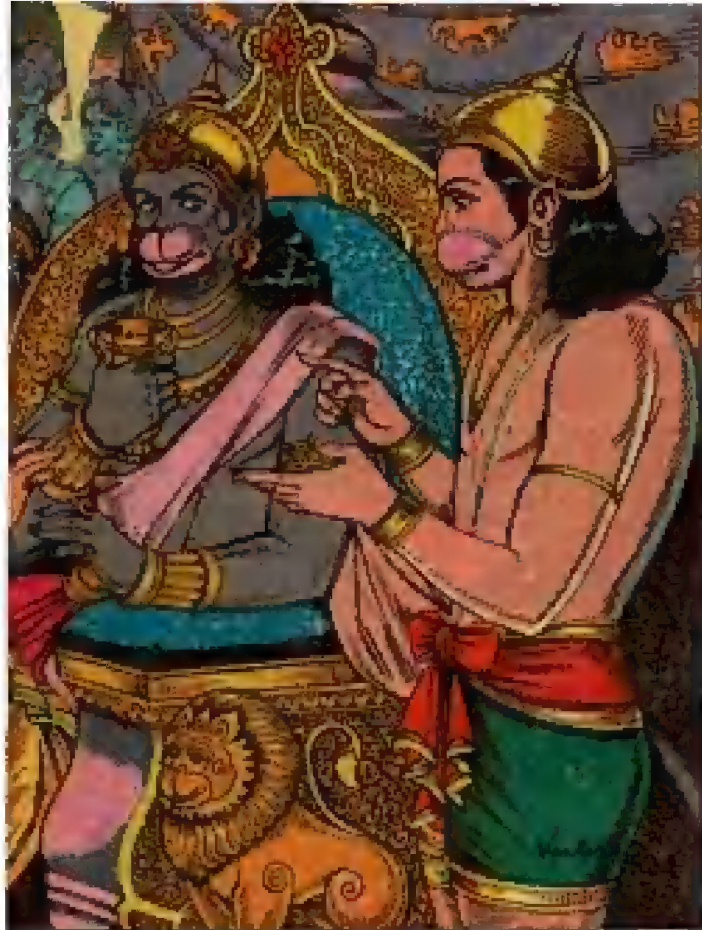
The Vanaras could see Lakshmana coming from a distance. Thinking that the stranger might be an enemy they were ready to face him. This attitude of theirs enraged Lakshmana further. Some of the Vanaras ran into the inner apartment of the palace and told Sugriva about the stranger's approach. But Sugriva, engrossed in merry-making, hardly listened a word.

But Angada rushed to greet Lakshmana. In a stern voice, Lakshmana told him, "Go and

inform Sugriva about my arrival. Tell him that my brother is sorry on account of his conduct. Let him come out and pay attention to me."

Angada hurried to Sugriva and told him about Lakshmana's mission. Sugriva asked his ministers, "I have done nothing wrong. Nor have I uttered anything to displease Rama. Why then is he angry with me? My enemies must have instigated him against me. Not that I am afraid of Rama and Lakshmana, but I am afraid of losing the chance of returning their kindness."

Hanuman replied to Sugriva, "O King, you must not forget the debt of gratitude you owe to Rama. You have done no wrong, but you have not been



quite conscious of the fact that time does not wait. By this time we should have been ready to go out in search of Sita Devi. Lakshmana has come to make you alert. Rama, who is passing his days remorsefully thinking of Sita Devi, might have sent a stern warning to you. But you should not mind even if Lakshmana were to speak harshly. We must show him all courtesy. You should now go out and receive him cordially."

In the meanwhile Lakshmana entered the palace, accompanied by Angada. He crossed the grand portal and looked with interest at the magnificence of

the palace. As he neared Sugriva's apartment, he heard sweet music flowing from that part and saw beautiful damsels moving about playfully. Lakshmana understood that Sugriva had forgotten all about his promise after getting the throne. Lakshmana made a twang with his bow and that sounded terrific.

Sugriva heard that sound and felt benumbed with fear. He told Tara, "Go and try to pacify Lakshmana. He remains always calm. Now that he is so angry, I feel hesitant to meet him."

Tara approached Lakshmana and said in a soothing voice, "Lakshmana! Who has angered you? Who could have mustered that audacity?"

"As if you don't know!" said Lakshmana with scorn, "You are a well-wisher of Sugriva, aren't you? Tell me, has his conduct been proper? Did he not promise to help us? Now that he has forgotten all that, what do you expect us to be if not angry?"

"O Lakshmana!" said Tara, "Is it right for you to become so furious with your friend? No doubt, Sugriva has delayed. But I am responsible for that.



I had kept him occupied with pleasures. Pardon my folly and pardon Sugriva. Great men like you should not take note of errors of smaller beings like us.”

Tara led Lakshmana into Sugriva’s presence. Sugriva was lying on a bed of luxury,

bedecked in flowers and jewellery. A number of dancing girls had surrounded him. Lakshmana became even more furious at the sight.

Sugriva immediately got down and stood before Lakshmana with folded hands



Lakshmana said: "It was due to Rama that you became what you are today. Yet, you chose to neglect his work. Is this not ingratitude? Had Rama known your true nature, he would not have taken pains to relieve you of your agony. To be frank, you deserve to be sent where Vali has gone!"

Sugriva kept quiet. But Tara said again, "O Lakshmana! Do not take Sugriva as ungrateful or wicked. After a lot of suffering he became engrossed in enjoyments for a while. Should you not view him with sympathy? There is nothing which Sugriva cannot sacrifice for sake

of Rama. He will certainly do the needful to trace Sita Devi and to fight with Ravana. He has already summoned all the Vanara soldiers. They should be here soon. Please quieten yourself."

Lakshmana appeared pacified. At that Sugriva felt relieved. He said, "Lakshmana! I am sorry for the delay. Is there anybody who does not make mistakes? However, I beg to be pardoned."

Lakshmana was impressed by Sugriva's humility. He said, "We entirely depend on you for the rescue of Sita Devi. Come. Let us go to Rama's presence."

Sugriva looked at Hanuman and said, "Send for all the Vanaras immediately. Let it be known that whoever failed to appear within ten days would be prosecuted."

Hanuman lost no time in sending a large number of Vanara soldiers in all directions in order to announce their king's order.

Thereafter Sugriva called for a gold palanquin, seated in which Lakshmana and himself proceeded to meet Rama, followed by many Vanaras. As soon as the procession reached the destination, Sugriva got

down and prostrated himself to Rama. Rama lifted him up and embraced him. Then all were seated.

Rama then told Sugriva that it was time for them to go out in search of Sita. Sugriva replied, "Please do not worry. Innumerable Vanaras will be placed at your disposal very soon. I have no doubt that with their help we can achieve our goal."

Sugriva narrated the steps he had taken to gather all his soldiers. Rama was pleased to hear the report and expressed his confidence in Sugriva and his faithful lieutenants.

Soon the horizons looked thick with a storm of dust. The Vanaras had started arriving. They came in lakhs and were of a variety of colour and size. Different groups were led by great heroes like Sushena, father of Tara, Shatavali, Tara, father of Ruma, Kesari, father of Hanuman and Gavaksha and Dhumra. There were also other heroes such as Gavaya, Darimukha, Maind, Dwividha and Gaja. Then there were Gandhamadan and Angada. Each one of them arrived with a large army of Vanaras. There were also regiments of bears



commanded by Jambavan.

They greeted their king, Sugriva. Sugriva presented them to Rama and asked their leaders to arrange for their food, shelter and rest amidst the wide forest.

Sugriva told Rama, "This vast ocean of soldiers is ready to spread out according to your wish. Among these soldiers there are some who have great supernatural power, there are others who are unsurpassable in courage and heroism. Now we all are waiting for your word."

Rama embraced Sugriva again, and said, "My dear friend, at first we must be certain that Sita Devi is alive.



We should also find out the whereabouts of Ravana. Once we know these things, we can plan our action accordingly."

Sugriva climbed a hill and calling the attention of all the Vanaras, told them what they were expected to do. He then

divided his chiefs into four groups and sent one group in each direction. The chiefs were followed by lakhs of Vanaras.

Hanuman was included in the group which proceeded to the south.

—Contd.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



THE STRANGE WEIGHT

In a certain village lived Panchanan, a poor and illiterate Brahmin. He desired to earn enough wealth and live happily, but he did not know how to do it.

While wandering alone he came to a village where he saw an old Brahmin selling strings of threads. They were being bought by other Brahmins who used them as sacred threads. But Panchanan observed that the old man determined the price of his threads in a very strange way. He weighed the threads against coins. Sometimes one coin was enough; but sometimes the customers had to put several coins to equal the weight of the thread.

Panchanan understood that the threads had some strange quality in them. He came closer to the old Brahmin and bowing to him, said, "Sir! I am a poor Brahmin. Would you please make me a gift of a string of thread?"

The old man gave him a string of thread without a word. Panchanan straight went to the king's court and said to the

king, "Your Highness, I have a string of thread with me. I will be grateful to you if you give me gold equal to its weight."

The compassionate king granted the request. A weighing scale was brought and the thread was put in one pan and a few chips of gold in the other. But surprisingly, the thread showed itself much heavier than the gold. So, more gold was put. Still the thread appeared heavier. The king and the minister looked at each other with surprise. But since the king had promised to give Panchanan the gold equal to the weight of the thread, he ordered the minister to put as much gold as was necessary.

But the clever minister did not do so. He told Panchanan, "Brahmin! It is already mid-day, time for lunch. Cook your food and eat it and take rest. We will resume weighing your thread with gold again in the afternoon."

Panchanan agreed. The minister asked a servant to bring rice in a sack. Then he told Panchanan, "Let us weigh your thread against the rice

too. We will give you the rice equal to the weight of your thread." Panchanan agreed.

A handful of rice was enough to equal the weight of the thread.

After Panchanan departed with the rice to the guest house, the minister told the king privately, "My Lord, it is exactly as I thought. The weight of the thread varies according to the desire of the Brahmin. By the time we put a handful of rice, the Brahmin was satisfied, for, he did not need more for his lunch. So the thread showed that much weight. But so far as gold is concerned, the Brahmin's desire might never come to an end! We might be required to go on putting more and more chips of gold."

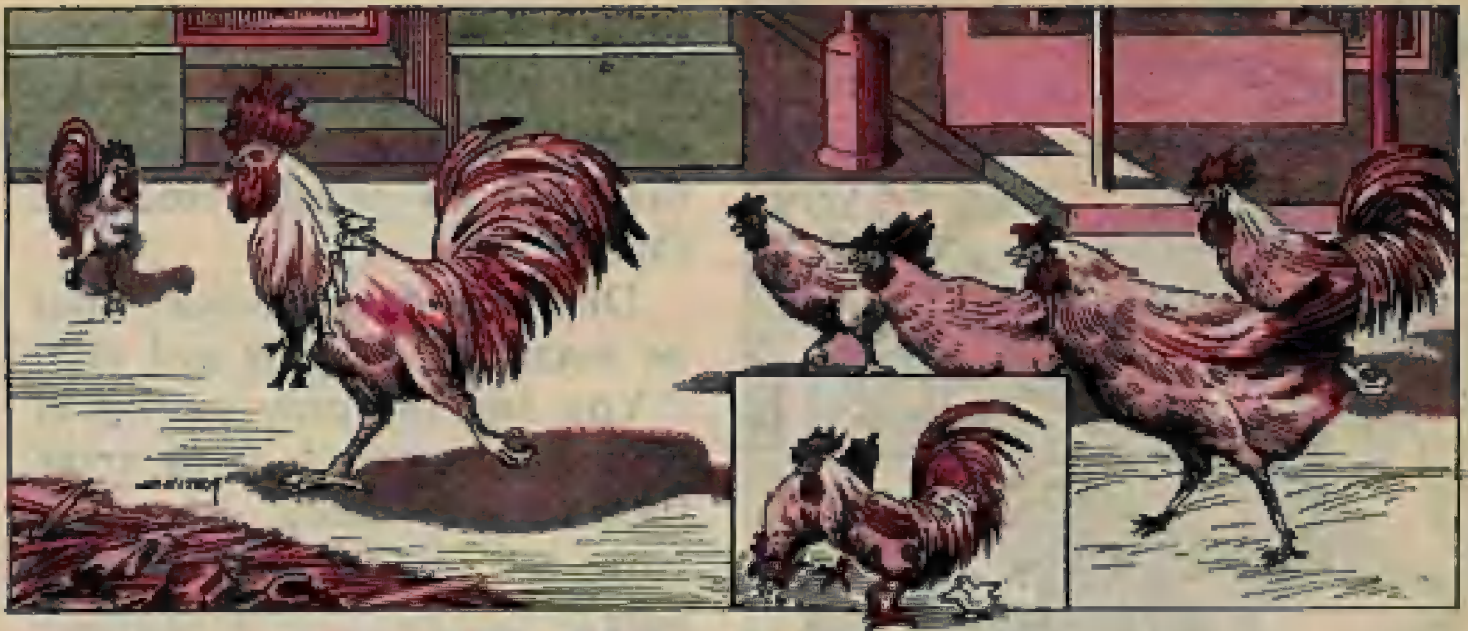
"What is to be done then!" asked the amazed king.

"Do not worry, my lord. I will tackle him," said the minister.

When Panchanan came to the court in the afternoon, the minister told him, "You have already seen what is the weight of your thread, haven't you? Just as a handful of rice was required to equal its weight, so also a handful of gold chips would be necessary to equal it. You can take that much gold. But do you see the consequence? You have no house strong enough to keep the gold safely. Bandits might easily take away your wealth. Wouldn't it be better if you stayed all your life among the court pundits and took your food with them which is provided by the king?"

Panchanan immediately agreed to this, for, he could not have dreamt of anything better!





THE THIEF

Dinu Chowdhury did business in fowls. He fed his fowls with fish and put a small garland of dry fish around the neck of some of his hens everyday. Fowls of other villagers often followed these hens, tempted by the smell of the fish. Once they entered Dinu's compound, they became his property. He coloured their feathers in such a way that their owners failed to recognise them.

Dinu, without any investment, thus owned more and more fowls, while the villagers wondered who stole theirs!

In the same village lived Ravi, a whimsical young man who maintained a cat and a pair of fowls as pets. His pets were

fond of each other and very much fond of him. Ravi spent most of his time hunting in the nearby forest.

One day Ravi found both his fowls missing. He was on the verge of weeping. But he controlled himself and became determined to catch the thief somehow or the other. He wandered in the village, looking carefully at any fowl he came across.

One morning he was intrigued to see a number of fowls following a certain hen. Ravi, curious, went closer to the hen. It did not take him long to discover the garland of fish which the hen sported. He understood why other fowls



followed him. He could also understand that the garland of fish had been put around the hen's neck by some wicked fellow deliberately.

Ravi observed that the hen entered Dinu's compound, followed by others' fowls. It now became clear to Ravi why the villagers lost their fowls.

The angry Ravi decided to expose the culprit. He returned home, took a bottle in his hand and appearing as if he was drunk, suddenly entered Dinu's house. Dinu was then absorbed in colouring a hen, a new catch of his.

Acting like drunk, Ravi mum-

bled, "Well, uncle Dinu, why don't you clip their feathers instead of colouring them so that nobody would recognise them?"

Dinu was taken aback. But he managed to smile and said, "You see, my only motive in colouring my fowls is to make them look more beautiful. Now, tell me, what brings you here?"

"Uncle! I could not go for hunting today. At the same time I am not accustomed to vegetarian food. Will you sell me a good fowl?" asked Ravi.

"Why not! I have just received some excellent birds," answered Dinu happily.

"Let me see them!" said Ravi as he entered Dinu's house.

Inside Dinu's spacious roost there were two dozen or more fowls, including his own lost pair. Ravi recognised them all right, but did not show it. He surveyed the fowls for a while and said, "Oh no, uncle Dinu, these are not to my liking!" Then he left.

Dinu sighed with relief when Ravi went out with unsteady steps. He consoled himself, "Ravi was not in his senses. So he could not have understood my trick!"

Next day Ravi came with his cat and waited outside Dinu's house. After a while one of Dinu's fowls came out with a garland of fish as usual. At Ravi's hint, his well-trained cat pounced upon it and killed it.

Dinu saw it and turned red with fury. He ran to the village chief and complained against Ravi and added, "This is how the villagers are deprived of their fowls. Ravi's cat kills them."

The chief summoned Ravi and asked, "Is it true that your cat killed Dinu's fowl?"

"Sir! My cat never kills fowls. It is fond of nothing but fish," answered Ravi.

"That proves that my complaint is true. My fowl was wearing a garland of dry fish!" said Dinu in a huff.

The surprised chief asked, "But why was your fowl wearing such a garland?"

Dinu fumbled. Ravi replied, "Sir! there lies the mystery of all our missing fowls. Dinu does this queer trick to lure away our fowls. When our fowls enter his compound, he captures them and colours them so that their owners cannot identify them. This may sound like a story, but this is true."



"Don't believe this fellow!" shouted Dinu.

"Both my fowls have been captured by Dinu in this way. If all of you come with me, I will prove this to you," claimed Ravi.

The chief, accompanied by a number of villagers, followed Ravi to Dinu's house. They saw a number of fowls inside Dinu's compound. Ravi called his cat and left it among them. At that the fowls became panicky and ran away from the cat. But two fowls came rushing near the cat as though they were old friends. The cat and the two fowls played together.



Nobody had any difficulty in realising that they were Ravi's fowls.

"Most of these fowls belong to the villagers. But they have been coloured. That is why their owners cannot recognise

them," said Ravi.

At the chief's direction the fowls were washed and stripped of colour. Then their owners collected them. All thanked Ravi. Dinu was duly punished by the chief.

See if you can name these five jumbled up things that you would expect to see on the sea shore



Starfish, Scallop Shell, Whelk Shell, Seaweed and Crab

THE PROFESSOR'S EXPERIMENT

The Professor of Psychology had paid a visit to his friend's house. The friend's son had already become notorious for his mischief not only in the family but also in the neighbouring households.

"He has become an awful headache to me," lamented the child's father.

"Do not worry," consoled the Professor, "I will deal with him psychologically and mend his ways."

The Professor befriended the child and for a couple of days the child showed himself remarkably gentle and sober. His parents were happy and the Professor was proud.

On the third day, early in the morning, the child confided to the Professor, "You see, I

have a great desire to eat a worm. It might be bad if the desire remained suppressed for long."

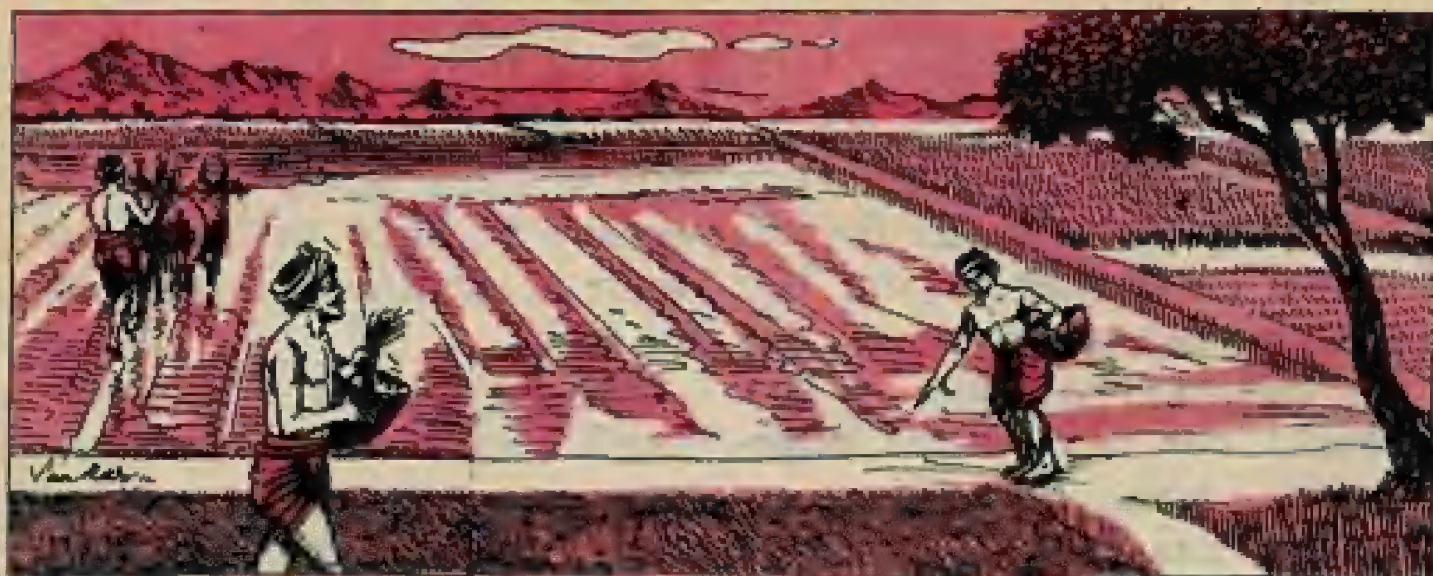
The optimistic Professor found out a loathsome but harmless worm after a long search in the garden and offered it to the boy.

"Professor! You must share it with me!" insisted the boy. The Professor cut the worm into two and with his eyes shut, somehow swallowed a half.

Instantly the boy cried out, "O Professor! That is the half I desired to eat. Now that you have eaten that, I won't mind if you eat up the other half too!"

The Professor caught the very next train for his home.





WORK THAT SUITS

Gurunath was a farmer, but being a hard-working man, he managed to accumulate some money with which he opened a shop in his village.

He had two sons, Ramnath and Shankardas. Ramnath worked in the field while Shankardas sat in the shop. Gurunath, till he became old, moved between the field and the shop and supervised both.

In due course he got both his sons married. But unfortunately the two daughters-in-law did not pull on well with each other.

One evening Ramnath's wife told Shankardas's wife: "My husband goes out to the field early in the morning and returns only after sun-set. Your husband passes his time comfortably sitting in the shop. But what we eat is the fruit of my

husband's labour in the field!"

"But what we wear is due to the labour of my husband who brings cash to the house. Even an animal can work in the field. But how many can manage a shop?" retorted Shankardas's wife.

At night both the ladies reported about their quarrel to their husbands, needless to say, each adding as much lies as possible to show how bad the other woman was.

In the morning Ramnath told his younger brother, "I hear that your wife told a lot of irreverent things about me! Isn't it your duty to warn her against talking rubbish?"

"But my report was quite different. It seems it was my sister-in-law who first made a lot of derogatory remarks about me!" replied Shankardas.

"Look here, what your sister-in-law said was nothing but fact!" said Ramnath.

Shankardas, naturally, protested against Ramnath's comment. Their quarrel soon reached a high pitch and that attracted their father to the spot.

"What is the matter? What are you fighting for?" he asked.

"Father! You have given a comfortable work to your younger son whereas I am required to labour hard. From today I will not go to the field," declared Ramnath.

"What do you say, Shankardas?" asked the father.

"Father! While my brother enjoys the sweet breeze of the open fields and sings and runs about freely, I am required to sit like a prisoner in a dungeon-like shop. No, father, I refuse to do the work from today!" declared Shankardas.

Gurunath thought for a while and said, "Ramnath, since you have decided to stop going to the field, you can take charge of the shop. And, you, Shankardas, should go to the field from today."

Ramnath tried to manage the shop. But in a few hours he was on the verge of weeping. He was no good at weighing and calculating. Besides, the freedom of the field haunted his memory.

Shankardas was even sadder. His muscles ached and he could hardly control the bullocks.

At night both went to Gurunath and said, "Father, we will better go back to our previous works from tomorrow."

And each of the brothers told his wife, "You can tell me about any matter you please. But never say that I should take up my brother's work!"



FUN WITH SCIENCE

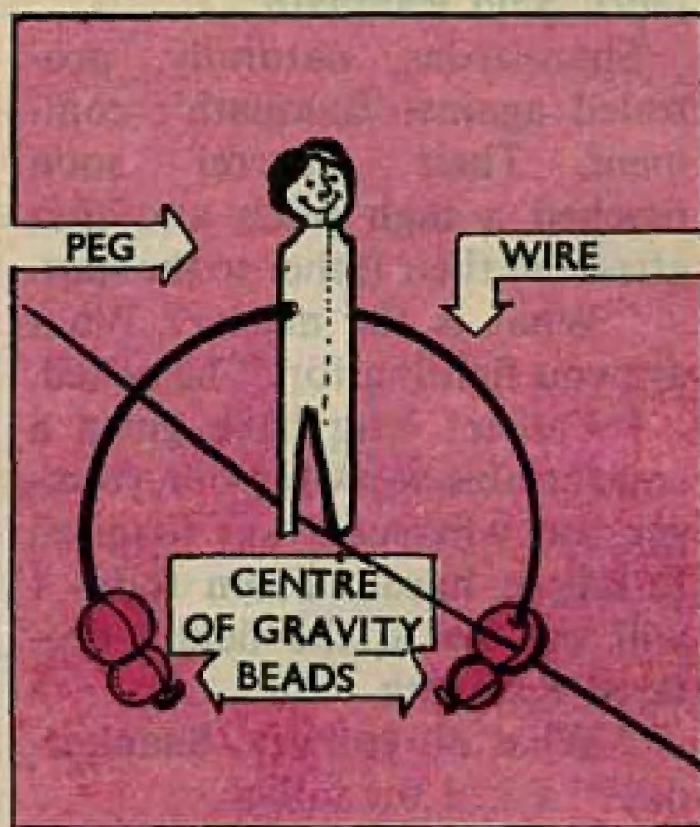
a peg on a tightrope

Here's a toy to mystify your friends — a tightrope walker that balances on one leg.

Bore a hole with a red-hot needle (held with pliers) just above the legs of an old fashioned 'dolly' peg. Thread wire through the hole so that it hangs an inch or so below the legs. Now weight each end with beads—or even a light key. Place it on string stretched tautly between two chair backs. It should balance perfectly although slight adjustments may be needed.

The toy works because its centre of

gravity is a point in space below the point of support.



SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(SORRY, NO CLUE ANYWHERE IN THE MAGAZINE)





We just love to read **CHANDAMAMA**

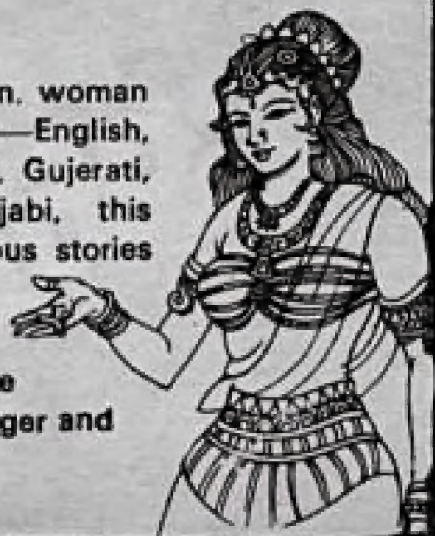


CHANDAMAMA

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Pssttt...great news...
Gobblins
have come!!



New
Gobblins

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fruit toffees
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such fun to chew